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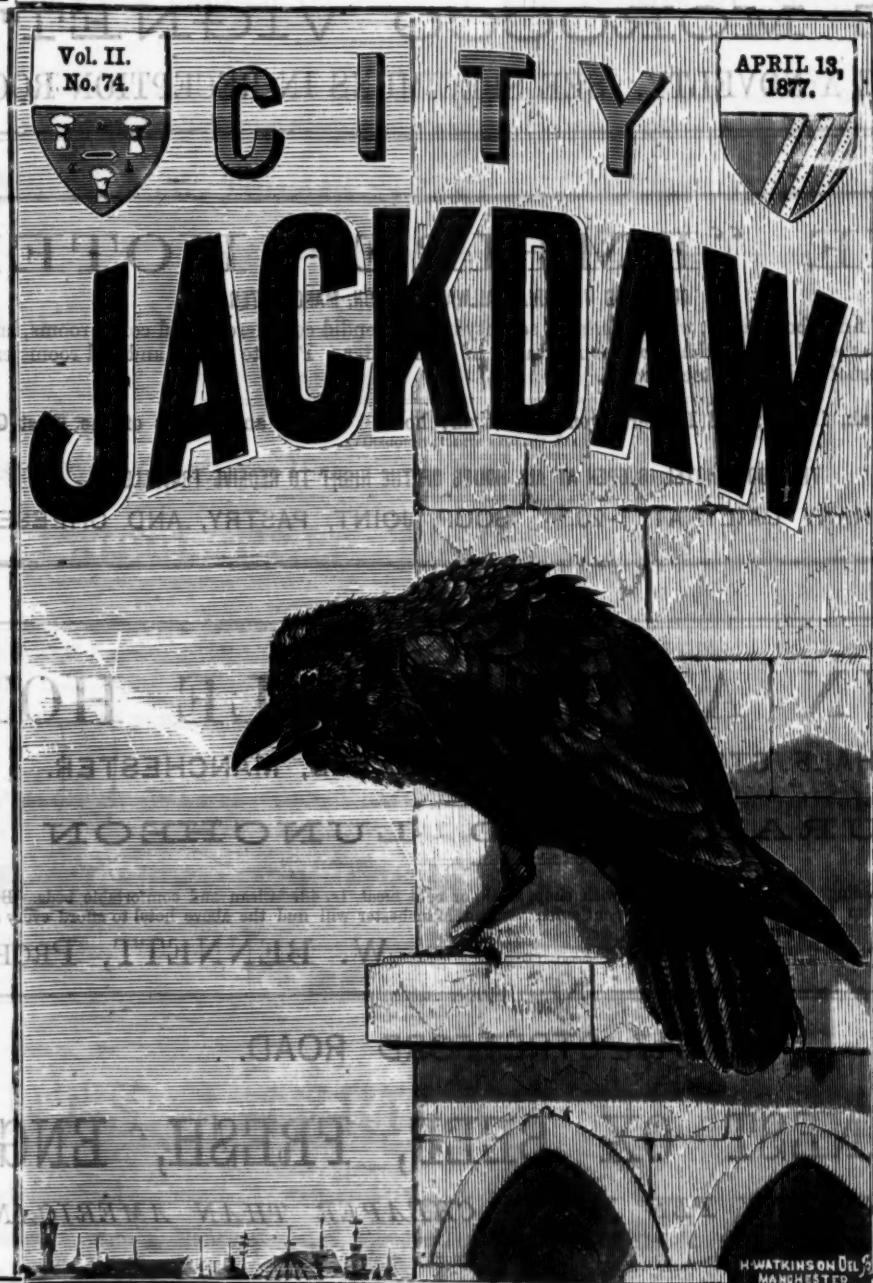
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THE CITY JACKDAW.

THE MOROCCO VIGNETTE.

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THE MOROCCO VIGNETTE, QUITE A NOVELTY. SEE SPECIMENS IN RECEPTION ROOM.

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Visitors will find above hotel, which contains seventy beds, splendid commercial and coffee rooms, large bar and billiard room, one of the most comfortable in Manchester. Private sitting and bed rooms en suite. Twelve fireproof and other stock rooms.

Chop or Steak, 1s. 6d.; and Dinners from 2s., at any hour. Wines and Spirits of the First Quality.
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Where the FINEST OX BEEF and MUTTON will be sold at very reasonable prices.

A great saving will be effected. Note the addresses. One trial solicited.

SALFORD ELECTION.

JOSEPH KAY, ESQ.,

Has been **UNANIMOUSLY SELECTED** at a great aggregate meeting, held on Monday evening at the Salford Town Hall, as the **LIBERAL CANDIDATE** for the ensuing election. Electors willing to assist in the contest are requested to send their names to the District or Central Committee Rooms.

Central Committee Rooms, April 9, 1877.

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE BOROUGH OF SALFORD.

GENTLEMEN.—The lamented death of Mr. Cawley necessitates the election of a new member to represent Salford in Parliament.

By the unanimous wish of a large representative meeting of the Liberal party in your borough, I have consented once more to become a Candidate.

My illness would have compelled me to decline this invitation, had it not been accompanied by an assurance that my absence from among you during the contest would be excused.

That assurance shows a kindness towards me which I can never forget, nor even sufficiently acknowledge.

I cannot refuse to render any service in my power to you, who fought with Mr. Lee and myself so heartily and enthusiastically in the election of 1874.

I deeply regret to be unable to come among you and join in the fight; but my physician, Sir William Jenner, anticipates that, should you do me the honour of electing me, I shall ere long be sufficiently recovered to take my seat.

All my political opinions are well known to you. I have spoken to you fully and unreservedly. The speeches which I have made in Salford on various subjects are all before you. My views are unchanged.

Should you return me to Parliament as member for your borough, you will be represented by a Salford man, whose constant aim will be to support measures of progress and reform, to promote the union and usefulness of the Liberal party, and to advance the highest interests alike of his native town and of his country.—Faithfully yours,

JOSEPH KAY.

London, Tuesday morning, April 10, 1877.

CANDIDATURE OF JOSEPH KAY, ESQ. Q.C.

CENTRAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

J. H. Agnew.	Charles Leigh Clare.	J. G. Mandley.
Thomas Agnew.	Alderman Davies.	William Mather.
Benjamin Armitage.	Henry Ermen.	J. M'Donough.
D. B. Armstrong.	Alderman Harwood.	Alderman M'Kerrow.
John Atkinson.	Sir Joseph Heron.	Henry J. Roby.
W. H. Bailey.	Oliver Heywood.	Thomas Roberts.
James Bancroft.	Charles J. Heywood.	William Scott.
Thomas Barker.	Edward S. Heywood.	C. P. Scott.
Thomas Briggs.	William Holland.	Dr. Somers.
George Brett.	A. W. Knoop.	J. C. Stuart.
J. A. Bremner.	Henry Lee.	A. G. Symonds, M.A.
Jesse Bryant.	Alderman Wm. Lee.	Wright Turner.

WILLIAM AGNEW, Chairman. WM. ALFRED TURNER, Treasurer.
GEORGE PARKINSON, Hon. Sec. JOHN MATHER, Election Agent.
Central Offices, 220, Chapel Street.

The Committee for Securing the Return of **JOSEPH KAY, Esq., Q.C.**, Meet Daily, as follows:—

LOWER BROUGHTON: Liberal Club, Cumberland Street; Mr. Edwin Winer, Chairman. HIGHER BROUGHTON: Shop, opposite Carriage Company's Office; Councillor J. Sinclair, Chairman. SEEDLEY: Carriage Company's Rooms, Church Street; Mr. Henry Lighbown, Chairman. ST. THOMAS'S: Pendleton Liberal Club; Mr. F. Brooks, Chairman. PENDLEBURY & WEASTE: The Royal Oak; Mr. J. Walker, Chairman. TRINITY: Queen Street Institute; Mr. H. B. Harrison, Chairman. ISLINGTON: Oldfield Road, opposite Hulme Street; Councillor J. J. Ashworth, Chairman. ORDSAL: Temperance Hall, Tatton Street; Mr. W. Booth, Chairman. REGENT: Liberal Club, South Cross Lane; Mr. Thomas Briggs, Chairman. CRESCENT: Liberal Club, Liverpool Street; Mr. Alderman M'Kerrow, Chairman. ST. STEPHEN'S: Liberal Club, Encombe Place; Councillor Dearden, Chairman. ST. MATTHIAS'S: Grattan Hall, North Cable Street; Councillor John Lee, Chairman. GREENGATE: Schoolroom, Bedford Street, Broughton Road; Mr. Matthew Ridgway, Chairman.

The following MEETINGS have been arranged in Support of the Liberal Candidate, **JOSEPH KAY, Esq., Q.C.**:

A GREAT MEETING will be held in the TOWN HALL, Bexley Square, TO-NIGHT (Friday) April 13, in Support of the Liberal Candidate, **JOSEPH KAY, Esq., Q.C.**.

U.J. KAY-SHUTTLEWORTH, M.P.; JACOB BRIGHT, M.P.; C. H. HOPWOOD, M.P.; F. HERSCHEL, M.P.; AND OTHER M.P.S.

CHAIR TO BE TAKEN BY WILLIAM AGNEW, Esq.

ORDSAL AND REGENT WARD.

FREB LIBRARY, REGENT ROAD. HENRY VINCENT, Esq., will address the supporters of **JOSEPH KAY, Esq., Q.C.**, TO-NIGHT (Friday), April 13. Chair to be taken at 7.30 by THOMAS BRIGGS, Esq., President of the Salford Liberal Association.

PENDLETON DISTRICT.

A MEETING of the Supporters of the Liberal Candidate, **JOSEPH KAY, Esq., Q.C.**, will be held in the TOWN HALL, PENDLETON, THIS EVENING (Friday), April 13. Chair to be taken at eight, by Alderman HARWOOD, J.P.

HIGHER BROUGHTON.

A MEETING in Support of the Liberal Candidate, **JOSEPH KAY, Esq., Q.C.**, will be held in the LARGE ROOM of the Manchester Carriage Company, BURY NEW ROAD, TO-MORROW (Saturday) EVENING, April 14. Chair to be taken at eight o'clock by CHAS. LEIGH CLARE, Esq., J.P.

ISLINGTON WARD.

A MEETING in Support of the Liberal Candidate will be held in the NEW JERUSALEM SCHOOLS, IRWELL STREET, TO-MORROW (Saturday) EVENING, April 14, at eight o'clock. Chair to be taken by Councillor J. J. ASHWORTH.

LOWER BROUGHTON DISTRICT.

A MEETING in Support of the Liberal Candidate, **JOSEPH KAY, Esq., Q.C.**, will be held in the BROUGHTON TOWN HALL, on MONDAY EVENING, April 16. Chair to be taken at eight o'clock by JAMES BANCROFT, Esq.

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. II.—No. 74.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, APRIL 18, 1877.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

THE LIBERAL CANDIDATE FOR SALFORD.

If it is, as we believe it to be, the case that, in a contested election where party strength is equally divided, to have a good candidate is more than half the battle, then the Salford election may be considered to be more than half won. To say this is not necessarily to cast adverse reflections on Colonel Walker, the Conservative candidate. Mr. Walker is a Lancashire man, a gentleman by birth, and a colonel of volunteers, which qualifications would be quite sufficient to entitle him to contest any constituency for which he might be desirous to sit; but it is one thing to contest a constituency, and another thing to gain a victory. Mr. Walker once on a time contested Bury, and was not successful. We do not mention this in any disparagement, but merely because it is a biographical fact; and when facts are few it is incumbent on us to make the most of those we have. The main facts, then, which we have hitherto been able to collect concerning Mr. Walker during the short period which has elapsed since we have become aware of his existence are, that he is a Lancashire gentleman, a Tory, an amateur soldier, and a defeated candidate for a contiguous borough. Mr. Joseph Kay, Q.C., in one respect resembles Mr. Walker; he has also figured as a defeated candidate, for the representation of his native borough of Salford. It is hardly necessary to go into the merits of this contest, or to allude to the gallant manner in which the fight was carried out, because, if we could only say of Mr. Kay that he had fought a good election and been beaten, he would be in no better position than Mr. Walker, of whom the same fact has been recorded. Fortunately, however, there is better matter in hand. Mr. Kay is a man of note, not because he comes of a good family, not because he has moved in good society, but because possessing natural abilities of a high order he early learnt to make use of them, not only to his own advantage, but to that of the commonwealth which during many years he has served so well. In the year 1846—long years before the volunteer system was inaugurated, which was to afford harmless exercise to so many thousands of patriotic citizens, and, in the fulness of time, a pleasing title to Mr. Walker, of Bury—Joseph Kay began to make his mark among Englishmen as a political thinker and writer. At the time when Mr. Walker was in all probability occupied in mastering the details of the fustian or some other trade, Mr. Kay was elected "Travelling Bachelor" for the University of Cambridge, at Trinity College in which University he received his education. This University honour the most solid in appreciation probably of all those which *alma mater* confers, implies not only much previous thought and study in the recipient, but imposes on him many obligations and responsibilities. It is required and expected of the Travelling Student that, in return for liberal pecuniary allowances made to him, he should employ the time spent in travel not only in self-improvement, but in collecting materials for contributions to the earnest literature of the day. The fruit of Joseph Kay's travel and research appeared in 1846, in the shape of a pamphlet, called "Education of the Poor in England and Europe," which attracted much notice, and the principles inculcated in which are as sound to-day as they were held to be when propounded. Soundness is indeed one of Mr. Kay's principal characteristics, whether as a lawyer, a politician, or a general thinker. His early productions were no mere shallow outpourings of gilded youth, but the fruit of conviction early matured by conscientious study. In 1850 appeared another small book, entitled "The Social Condition and Education of the People of England and Europe," a work which received the approbation

of thinkers far and wide, and elicited warm expressions of approval from more than one distinguished English statesman. Mr. Kay's masterly contributions to the *Manchester Examiner and Times* followed, and these alone should keep his reputation fresh in the minds of many people who are interested in the present contest. It was at this time that the name of Kay began to be whispered about in the lobbies of the House of Commons, and mentioned as an authority in Parliament itself. It was even said by one high in office that no living man had so thoroughly mastered the Land Laws as Mr. Kay. Turning to other matters, we find Joseph Kay figuring with his illustrious brother, Sir J. Kay-Shuttleworth, as an earnest friend of national education and student of its best methods. The original scheme of the elder brother fell to the ground, but bore good fruit hereafter, as all good seeds do which fall. One excellent and immediate result, however, of the movement was the establishment of training colleges for teachers, and it is worth mentioning here that Joseph Kay was appointed principal of the first of these colleges established. All these things happened before our candidate had so far distinguished himself in the broad field of politics as to deserve the following bit of abuse, which appeared in a recent number of the *Manchester Courier* :—

"It is particularly unfortunate for Mr. Kay, who has some reputation to sustain as a lawyer, that he should have committed himself to a position in reference to foreign politics, the discredit of which, while it is common to all the members of the party with which he is associated, rests upon him in a very special degree. He comes before the electors of Salford therefore in a peculiarly prominent manner, as a representative of all that is mean and un-English in the foreign policy of Liberalism. Nor is this the only respect in which Mr. Kay will find himself placed at a greater disadvantage than at the election of 1874, when the constituency to which he is now appealing declined his services. He has, in the interval, distinguished himself as the advocate of Church spoliation in its worst, most ignorant, and vulgarlest form. He, who, by virtue of his profession and his social standing, might have at least commanded respect for his political opinions, has forfeited it all by herding with the 'Pastor' Gordons and the Jones Hamers, whose impudent perversions of truth with regard to the origin and nature of Church property have been demonstrated and placarded on every blank wall in Manchester and Salford, without their being able to say a single word in defence of themselves. The unkindest thing which can be said of Liberalism in Salford is that it has sunk so low as to be compelled to accept in friendship the begrimed paw of Liberationism. To induce any honest Salford man, who cares more for the honour of his country than for the paltry triumph of a party, to vote for a Conservative candidate at the present juncture, it ought only to be necessary to find one who is willing to support the Government in its struggle against the unpatriotic attacks of Radicals who think far more of sitting on the Treasury Bench than of the future of British Empire in the East. By selecting Colonel O. O. Walker," etc.

With regard to this question of disestablishment, Mr. Kay, then Q.C., said in 1874 to the electors of Salford that supposing there were no Church established he certainly would not establish one, and that though he did not approve of the principle of establishments he thought the time was not then ripe for a settlement of the question. To these views Mr. Kay still holds, though he may have slightly modified them in detail. He has been always an ardent admirer and supporter of Mr. Gladstone, and regarding him as a model chieftain to be followed would certainly not strike out a line for himself on this point of all others. Caution, consistency, and energy combined have indeed rendered the subject of this article an admirable representative Liberal of the best type. He is one of the men who are ever framing wise reforms for Tories to adopt and

cackle over, and by-and-by to guard as constitutional bulwarks. It has been thrown in Mr. Kay's teeth, and by Mr. Charley of all men, that he is a lawyer, and that it would not be advisable for Salford to be represented by two lawyers. We, on the other hand, are of opinion that since Salford, by an extraordinary dispensation of Providence, has Mr. Charley for its member, it would be well for it to elect Mr. Kay, so that a good lawyer might be balanced against a bad one. Mr. Kay is a good lawyer, and has rendered valuable service during the last twelve years as judge of the Salford Court of Record, much doubtless to the discomfort of small and envious minds. In 1874, when Mr. Charley was pitted against Mr. Kay, the former accused the latter of wishing to enter Parliament in the desire for place. Mr. Kay could afford to pass by the accusation, but it has been more than whispered recently that Mr. Charley does not cling so closely to his seat for Salford that he would hesitate to accept any snug situation offered to him. Unluckily for Mr. Charley, and for Salford, the Tory Government cannot just now afford to risk the loss of a seat, however filled, for the time being, even for the sake of promoting so clever an aspirant as the now senior member for Salford. We have to a certain extent to lament the fact that the genial presence, affable manner, and eloquent tongue of Mr. Kay will not directly be of avail to him in the present contest; but we know and respect the man, that is one thing; we have at heart the cause which he champions, and offers of assistance are coming in on all sides from able hands. We might have said that we regret to the very smallest extent possible our candidate's enforced absence through illness. His ailment is not of a serious character, and the call made on him has taken him by surprise. We confidently hope that in a few weeks he will be able to respond to it in a practical form by doing good work in the House of Commons.

THE SPIRIT OF CHARITY AT PENNINGTON.

THERE is a nice little row on at Pennington, near Leigh, about the manner in which the alms collected at the offertory in the parish church shall be disposed of. The Bishop is in it of course, or he has been dragged into it. At a vestry meeting, the report of which appears in the *Leigh Chronicle*, the chairman said that three years ago, when the Bishop visited the church, he expressed surprise that the offertories were not made at the Holy Table instead of being taken into the vestry. The speaker informed him that the congregation did not approve of the practice, and the Bishop repeated his expression of surprise that the congregation should object to it when it was set forth in the Prayer-book. However, the Bishop waived the matter, but he referred to it at the luncheon during the day, and said how much more reverent and more nice it was that the offertories should be presented at the Holy Table. It would look nice, and in deference to his lordship he thought that it was commendable on the one occasion of the Bishop's future visit to conform to his wishes. He did not wish it to be as a precedent, but simply on the occasion of the Bishop's approaching visit in deference to his lordship's expressed wish, because the Bishop had spoken forcibly and even with pain, because he did not like the practice of taking the alms into the vestry. Speaking for himself he thought it would be nice on that one occasion to take the alms to the vicar, and let him present them. This moderate and sensible proposal was of course repudiated with horror by the bold and pious parishioners of Pennington, and a discussion ensued, the tone of which may be gathered from the extract given below:—

Mr. Earp. I, as churchwarden, object to that. (Hear, hear.)

Mr. Relph. And I, as sidesman, shall object, too. (Hear, hear.)

A Parishioner. That's right, put it out at once if you object to it.

Mr. Relph. There are some that would like it, and a great many that would not.

Mr. Earp [warmly]. No matter whether it is a bishop or not, the congregation object to it.

The Chairman. We need not speak in that way.

FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND GENTLEMEN WANTED

Mr. Earp. This church was built to act contrary to the parish church, to have a Low Church service, and as long as I am churchwarden I shall object.

The Chairman. The Bishop can say it shall be so, and I can say that it must be so.

Mr. Earp [warmly]. If you do so I shall upset all my books and give up.

The Chairman. Let us talk rationally like reasonable men.

Mr. Earp. I do talk rationally.

And so on for about two columns of vituperative dialogue, the whole arising out of the simple question whether the alms of the congregation should be deposited in one temporary place of custody or another. It is edifying and cheerful to consider what small matters serve nowadays to stir up Christian debate amongst us. This trumpery question of the temporary bestowal of a few shillings and fourpenny-bits brought up the whole controversy between "High" and "Low Church," which distinction it appears is carefully noted at Pennington. Speakers lifted their hands at the suggestions of their neighbours. It must indeed have been a grateful sight to the Lord to look down upon these, His servants, squabbling over the alms they offered to Him. How is it that such scenes as these only occur in connection with the Established Church?

FROM STOCKPORT.

THE following lines have been sent to us on the subject of the clerical scandal at Stockport, which "Promotion by Merit," that diligent collector of such things, has recently unearthed. They appear to be written in the metre of a favourite hymn, but as there is nothing profane in the idea, and they must express the emotion of a good many Stockport people, we do not hesitate to print them here.

A LYRIC.

He came sweet influence to impart,

A gracious, willing guest; now high or low,

While he can add one humble mite

To all the rest.

And his that gentle voice we hear,

Soft as the breath of Heaven,

That begs of each as he comes near,

And speaks of Heaven.

He has a brother skilled in law,

With every thought of pol';

To find in leases every flaw,

Never in self,

Spirit of purity and grace,

Our Rector pitying see;

And make his heart thy dwelling place,

And worthier thee.

Stockport, Wednesday.

PACKMEN.

THE packmen, or travelling drapers, or credit drapers, as they choose to call themselves, have been excusing, or rather accusing themselves. They held a meeting last week, in which the secrets of the trade were pretty freely discussed, and the conclusion was unanimously arrived at that the trade is a blessing to the community. It was asserted and maintained at this meeting that packmen were not cheats, that they did not sell inferior goods at high prices, and that they did not take advantage of ignorant people, and having got what they could out of them, by skinning them in the county courts, leave them to ruin. All this and more was defiantly asserted, and has been printed, and if we could believe the assertions we should be very glad to say a good word for the "credit drapers." Unfortunately all knowledge of fact and experience goes the other way. At the meeting Councillor James Little put the following question: "Are the Scotch travelling drapers looked upon as sharpers?" and the fraternity around shouted "no" until they were hoarse, on the

to have their Boots Soled and Heeled from the Best Sole Leather, for 2s. 6d. per pair. Why pay 3s. or 4s.? Set of Elastic 1s. at 4, Birmingham-st., London.

principle, we suppose, that it is an ill bird that fouls its own nest; but Mr. Little would meet with a very different reply were his question put to a less partial audience. The Jackdaw especially would on his own account take the responsibility of answering Mr. Little in the affirmative. Not only are the Scotch travelling drapers looked upon as sharpers, but they ought to be so looked upon, and a correct account of the manner in which their proceedings are carried on would be a very formidable indictment against them. The following account, given by a Mr. J. Falconer, of Manchester, is not in all points a correct one:—

"We disdain the imputation that we 'impose on the credulity of the people by supplying them with goods inferior in quality or extravagant in price.' The wonderful extent of their dealing with us fully contradicts the assertion. They receive us into their houses with a welcome pleasure. By them we are regarded as friends. To many a family reduced to misfortune we have extended the hand of assistance."

With regard to the nature and price of goods sold, we may remark that to "disdain" an imputation is not to discredit it, but the rest of Mr. Falconer's language is exquisitely ludicrous as applied to a class of persons who sneak from house to house in poor districts, choosing the time when the responsible householder is away, and delude the silly persons who happen to be at home into taking their goods, on the strength of no present expenditure of money being demanded. It is not only the eventual loss of more money than can be spared which is an evil in connection with the visits of these "Scotch wolves." A greater evil than that is the importation of secrets into a household, and the destruction of household confidence involved. Many homes have been ruined, and even broken up, in cases where the disaster might be traced back to the insinuating packman who poses before us so virtuously. In the course of the meeting a Mr. Webster, of London, referring to the remarks which had been made with regard to the criticism of the press on their trade, said—

"He was proud that this conference had the courage to attempt to educate the press. It was well known that the press was the foe of their trade, but that was because the press had judged of it from samples which came before the county court. If they wished to raise themselves in the social scale they must eradicate the evil, the root of which was the scurrilous articles in the press."

We can assure Mr. Webster that the fear of "eradication" will not prevent us from speaking our mind on this subject, and that such "education" as can be gathered from a column and a half in the *City News* is quite thrown away upon us. We shall continue to believe, and when we have occasion to assert, that the tribe of packmen, credit drapers, travelling drapers, or Scotch wolves are a standing offence against society and morality. They live more or less by fraud and false pretence, they prey upon the poor and ignorant, and their existence is only to be tolerated as one of the necessary evils connected with an imperfect state of life. These opinions will doubtless be unpopular with the gentlemen who met together to encourage one another last week, but they are none the less backed up by fact and experience; for the innocent victims of "credit draper" or "Scotch wolf" if gathered together would form a tolerably strong regiment, while could those be gathered who have been encouraged in bad ways by them a company equally numerous would be the result.

WHO PULLS THE WIRES?

THE following letters, which have recently appeared in print, mutually throw light on each other. We therefore place them side by side, leaving out irrelevant matter from one of them.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT: THE TOWN CLERK "SURPRISED."

To the Editor of the *Manchester Courier*.

Sir,—Need he be? Does he forget the despotic part the city has played during the last twelve months

THE NEW TOWN HALL.

To the Editor of the *Examiner and Times*.

Sir,—Six weeks or two months ago a person—it would be an abuse of words to call him a gentleman—a person in this city, who is a mem-

ber of the Conservative Club, and a prominent member of that party, wrote a letter to the Lord Chamberlain's Department, setting forth certain reasons why it was undesirable for the Queen to visit Manchester during the mayoralty of Mr. Alderman Heywood. Not unnecessarily to wound the feelings of our public-spirited and estimable chief magistrate, it will be sufficient to say that the reasons related to prosecutions of which he was the victim thirty or forty years ago—prosecutions to which he laid himself open by his courageous efforts in those dark days to promote the cause of popular political education. The contents of that letter are known only from the statements openly made by its blatant author, and from those statements it may be inferred that various other assertions disparaging to Mr. Heywood's character were made.

Now, marry! have they got their desserts—the nice little play of "Hamlet," without the Danish Prince. Royalty will not come to listen to their tinkling bells or to make new knights. And yet Sir Joseph is "surprised!"—Yours, etc.,

XENOPHON.

Now, sir, this letter was sent just at the time when it seemed absolutely certain that the Queen would come. Then there arose, as many of us know, some doubts, and that period of doubt almost exactly coincides with the time that was occupied on the part of the Government in making inquiries, which inquiries were made of members of the Conservative party. Just then, too, some members of the Cross Street Club were declaring that the Queen should never come to Manchester to honour Mr. Heywood; that there should be no such Radical triumph, and much more to the same effect.—Yours, etc.,

A CITIZEN.

The letter in the *Courier* appeared first, and when we read it it seemed clear to us that it must have been written by that abominable urchin the "Printer's Devil," who figured so conspicuously during the last election for Manchester; but the subsequent letter in the *Examiner* alters somewhat the aspect of the affair, although it is possible that the mischievous boy may have had a hand in both productions. We should like to guess first, however, who is the "person whom it would be an abuse of words," etc. Surely it cannot be John William Maclure who is intended, for we all know that Mr. Maclure is a gentleman. At the same time it has been whispered to the Jackdaw (who does not endorse the report) that Mr. Maclure did either write such a letter as that mentioned or countenance a deposition to the same effect; and we are aware of the persistent animosity nourished against this gentleman by the P. D. of the *Courier* ever since it came out that this "devil" was the person who hissed Mr. Maclure's remarks on the borough and county franchise at a public meeting. This "active member of the *Courier* staff" cannot be kept in order, and breaks out in all sorts of unexpected places. The worst of it is, too, that he cannot conceal his identity. The idea of saying that "the Radicals looked unctuous," and hinting that Mr. Maclure is not a gentleman! Even supposing Mr. Maclure to have done what he is suspected of having done, the best possible excuse that could be found for his action would be to say that he was "no gentleman." No one expects "gentlemen" to do dirty actions, and no one ever expected to find much decency of feeling or sentiment in Mr. J. W. Maclure when a political matter was involved.



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CLOSE BY THE CATHEDRAL.

WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

THAT as there are three Mr. Watsons in Mosley Street, people don't know which of them got up the memorial from the Conservative Club adverse to the Queen's visit.

That the Mr. Watson has shown many of his friends a copy of the document.

That when questioned about the circumstances of a certain letter, Alderman Curtis laid the dust on the Council floor with his tears.

That the fish that thrive worst at Welsh aquariums are loose fish.

That the *Courier* ought to be rechristened for the occasion of the election, and called *Walker's Miscellany*.

That it is not fair for a Tory journal to usurp the prerogative of Radical organs to be scurrilous and abusive.

That the throes of an election contest are no excuse for the throwing of mud.

That it is an amusing thing to see the foul mouth of Billingsgate so heavy upon the "grimy paw of Liberationism."

That Tory editors are forbidden, under pain of dismissal, to treat a political opponent as if he were a gentleman.

That it is unfortunate for the Conservatives that their candidate should have been named O. O. (odd omen) Walker!

That Mr. Richard Haworth is so annoyed at being passed over by his party, that he consoles himself by vulgar abuse of the other side so as to damage his own friends by a side wind.

That the new hats won by the Liberals at the Manchester election being now worn out, the contest in Salford has happened very opportunely.

That Mr. John Edward Middlehurst is the most popular member of the Salford Council.

That he deserves the thanks of the borough for protesting against religious services in the Town Hall.

That he objects to the Rev. D. J. Hamer on constitutional grounds.

That he objects especially to all advocates of disestablishment, because he has recently been disestablished himself—in Wales.

THE "ARTFUL DODGER."

THE Tories are again at their old election dodges in Salford. Nothing succeeds better with the electors, so the Tories think, than an appearance of smartness. Mr. Walker (or his lawyer) seems to appreciate this fact, and arranged the following scene at the Tuesday's meeting at the Salford Town Hall:

Mr. Walker [speaking]. And are we to let Russia have our Eastern possessions? [Loud cries of "No," in the midst of which some one shouted out, "Hungary."] Mr. Walker created immense laughter by saying, "Hungry, are you? I'm thirsty," and drinking from a glass containing a transparent liquid.]

Let a few more scenes be arranged like this, and Mr. Walker can hardly fail to succeed with the Tories. Let him keep before him in his mind's eye the example of Mr. Charley, and let him strike hard at the pachymatous hide of the Liberals, and he may consider his return certain.

THE INFIRMARY: REFORM AT LAST.

THE meeting of the Infirmary Board, last Monday, was the most amusing, the most interesting, the most useful, and the most instructive that has ever taken place since the weekly board existed. Our readers may remember that a year ago Mr. Field, a London engineer, reported that the drainage of the Infirmary was so thoroughly horrible that there was nothing for it but the removal of the Infirmary. Dr. Morgan said that the Infirmary was a perfect "pest-house," owing to the drainage; and we were told that in consequence of Mr. Field's statement many well-known members of the "Site Committee," who had gone on to the committee pledged in favour of the retention of the Infirmary on its present site, changed their opinions, and were in favour of the removal of the institution. Sceptical people, like ourselves, did not place much faith in the evidence of a "skilled witness" like Mr. Field, and we find now, to our great satisfaction, that we were in the right. It was stated that the drainage could not be put right without the removal of all the patients, and without the expenditure of £4,000 to £5,000. What transpired last Monday was amazing. Mr. Alderman King elicited that the drainage has all been rectified without the removal of a single patient, and it had caused so little trouble and expense that Dr. Reed had not thought it necessary even to mention the fact to the weekly board! So that now, the drainage being in the best possible order, what is to be said? Nobody has ever alleged that the site was unhealthy, and everybody knows that the Infirmary is in the very centre of the people for whom it was erected, and for whom it is maintained. Within a radius of two miles of the Infirmary, as we have stated before, there are 600,000 people, whereas there are only 60,000, or a tenth part of 600,000, within two miles of Owens College.

The next thing that was done was the dissolution of the committee of two, which was appointed on the nomination of Sir Joseph Heron to report on the enormous extravagance of the Infirmary. Incompatibility of temper was the reason given. The genial Mr. Goldschmidt and the obstinate Mr. Hulse formed the committee. Mr. Hulse, amidst great laughter, told the board, in answer to Sir Joseph Heron, that he was a "statistician," but everybody, including Mr. Leppoc, who knows Mr. Hulse, and that he is the *fidus Achates* of Dr. Reed, knew that he would never agree to report on the expenditure at the Infirmary in the business-like style that Mr. Goldschmidt would propose, and that would be acceptable to the commonsense of the trustees. So the inquiry being hopeless, as all who knew Mr. Hulse expected it would be, the committee was dissolved on the motion of Mr. Goldschmidt.

Nevertheless, a step of enormous importance was taken before the meeting separated, and it was successful. Why? Because Mr. Birley, M.P., was absent for once. Mr. Birley had gone with many others to pay the last tribute of respect to a good citizen of Salford—Mr. Cawley.

"Gloria," 8 for 2s 6d. Best Havanna Cigars—really choice. Smokers' Requisites of every

During his absence those whom we may call the Liberals at the board, namely, Mr. Alderman King, Mr. Goldschmidt, Mr. Alfred Simpson, Mr. O'Hanlon, Mr. Massey, and Mr. Robert Whitworth—nearly all members of the Reform Club—succeeded, after twenty years of effort, in passing a resolution calling for a return of the expenditure at the Infirmary—of the expenses for (1) the nurses, (2) the servants, (3) the officers, (4) the salaries of the officers, including the cost of the diet for each. Is it not a pity that Mr. Birley, M.P., and his party cannot be induced, in the public interest, to absent themselves for a few weeks from the meetings of the weekly board at the Infirmary, and by so doing let us make the institution a credit to the city of Manchester?

CAWS OF THE WEEK.

THE Daily News contradicts the report that the "Staffordshire giant" has gone to his long home. So far from that (says the local reporter) the claims of this individual to giantship rested upon his weight, 28st., and on his general bulk, his height being only 5ft. 4in. The giant, however, is dead, that is certain, so that the matter after all is as broad as it is long.

A CONTROVERSY is going on just now in the *Examiner* as to whether the wine mentioned in the Bible was intoxicating. There is no doubt at all that intoxication is frequently alluded to in both the Old and New Testament, but according to the views of several of these correspondents, it could not have been the drink, it must have been the salmon or the lobster.

In another column we publish a number of suggestions from several correspondents relative to the opening ceremony of the new Town Hall. For our part, if we may be permitted to advise seriously, we would recommend that there should either be no public ceremony at all, or else that the thing should be done with as little pomp as possible by our worthy Mayor himself. No citizens would grumble much at the adoption of the former alternative, while that of the latter would be a graceful tribute to the highest Dignity of the city itself, and to the gentleman who for the time being so worthily does credit to it.

HERE is a liberal offer, which was advertised in last Monday's *Guardian*:

"TO THE ELECTORS OF SALFORD.—In answer to flattering requisitions from numerous old friends of my father and self, I shall have much pleasure, on receipt of your suffrages, in doing my best to represent your interests in the Commons House of Parliament, in place of your late lamented member.—Your very obedient,
D. D. WEMYSS."

"Army and Navy Club, 3rd April, 1877."

Now then, "electors of Salford," don't all speak at once! The electors answer to a man that they won't.

QUITE as eccentric as the matrimonial advertisers are the publishers of religious announcements of the controversial type. Here is a gentleman who, when he goes out of doors, must be supposed to carry under his hat the wisdom of all ages, condensed within a large or small compass according to the size of his head.

"JEWISH LEGENDS" AND MANCHESTER INFIDELITY.—I am prepared to maintain in a public discussion, under proper regulations, and at a properly constituted public meeting during the present month (April), the following proposition: "That there are no 'Jewish Legends' in the Holy Bible, but that it is Divine Truth from beginning to end."—N.B. All replies must bear the full name and address of the writer, or they will be destroyed unread. The discussion, should it proceed, must be confined to residents in Manchester and the immediate district.

WILLIAM STOKES.

Rochdale, April 7, 1877.

We have not the pleasure of knowing anything about Mr. W. Stokes, but if he accomplishes the task which he proposes for himself, we shall allow that the wisest man who ever lived is not free from the vulgar possibility of making a fool of himself in print.

We notice that the St. Philip's Church Defence Association offer a reward of fifty pounds to any one who can prove that "we have got to pay poor rates because a third of the tithes have been alienated from the poor and given to the Church." It was our intention to have copied this so as to have given the text of the challenge accurately, but we delayed doing so until we found the words covered over with an immense election poster. However, it does not matter; we believe our memory to be pretty accurate, and we are quite certain about the fifty pounds. Now, there is a man in our office who says he would undertake to prove anything for that sum, only before starting he requires that the money should be posted. Our impetuous champion is ready at any time, and bursting with proof. Let a stakeholder be appointed, and the thing decided. We undertake that half the sum shall be handed over to the Manchester Infirmary, to be spent on beer for the nurses.

From the annual report of the Lancashire Union of Conservative Associations we clip the following passage. The report was read by the hon. secretary, Mr. S. C. Nicholson:

"Soon after the holding of the last annual conference, when her Majesty's Government were pursuing a policy in regard to the Eastern Question calculated to preserve the peace of Europe, and to maintain inviolate the interests of the British Empire, a section of the Liberal party, headed by Mr. Gladstone, commenced a crusade against the Government which for inconsistency and the unpatriotic spirit manifested is unprecedented. When her Majesty's Ministers were engaged in the most intricate and delicate diplomatic negotiations with the other European Powers, with a view to bring about their laudable objects, Mr. Gladstone issued the notorious manifesto, in which he promulgated the 'bag and baggage' policy, and revealed his pro-Russian proclivities, basing his conclusions upon the atrocities committed in the suppression of the Bulgarian insurrection, and with the design, as it appeared, of placing the responsibility of their committal upon the Government—a charge which the blue-books since published have incontestably proved to have had no foundation in fact."

Taking into account the novelty of sentiment, the facility of expression, the strict adhesion to truth, and the wonderful insight into political matters displayed by this passage, we can only come to one conclusion, which is that Mr. Nicholson wrote the report himself. Nobody but Old Sam or Old Nick could have composed such an elegant, ingenious, and truthful indictment of political opponents.

In the prospectus of the Manchester Church Club, which has been recently formed, we do not see any mention made of a billiard-room for the use of the members. Clergymen, however, who wish to enjoy this healthy recreation have ample opportunities of indulging their desire at the various political and advanced social clubs of which they may be members. The Church Club, then, though omitting billiards from the list, offers various attractions to clergymen, such, for instance, as facilities for friendly intercourse and frequent interchange of sentiment and opinion on all matters of the period, ecclesiastical and secular; the benefits of a well-managed restaurant; use of a reference library of ecclesiastical works; use of a newsroom, where Church and secular newspapers, magazines, etc., of great variety may be consulted; use of a parcel and cloak room, etc.; opportunity for arranging appointments with friends from a distance; direct and earliest information on all the principal ecclesiastical events of the day. There are also several public uses which will be served by such a club, among which may be mentioned entertainment, according to the members' wishes, of visitors to the city on the occasion of Church conferences, congresses, etc.; circulation of information with regard to Church services and Church work, also distribution of tickets for Church meetings and lectures, the success of which members are wishful to secure; accommodation for petitions supporting the principles of the Prayer-book, etc., and subscription lists of Church societies, in which members are interested; an inquiry office where reliable information on local Church subjects may be obtained by churchmen who are strangers to the city. The Jackdaw, having extracted this much information from the prospectus, wishes all success to the novel and interesting scheme.

THE ABSURD ANGLER; OR, THE RECREATIONS OF
COTTON.

CHAPTER III.—ON WATER ANGLING AND LAND ANGLING.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

PISCATOR, VENATOR.

Piscator. Mine honest scholar, now that we have time and opportunity to converse in this cell into which we have been thrust, I will give you further instructions about fish and fishing.

Venator. Master, I would that I had never seen you, or heard of this perilous art of angling, for this is indeed a cell for both of us.

Piscator. Content, you scholar, angling is an art, and an honest one, too, and of that you shall have proof presently.

Venator. Woe is me; we shall be made to walk upon the treadmill, which is sorry proof and exercise.

Piscator. Not so, my scholar, for in spite of the seeming durance, which is a passing infatuation lightly to be borne, we shall presently be in the company of a most discreet gentleman, a lover of all honest men, and especially of anglers, and of all such as follow skilled pursuits, and with my demonstration, acting as judge he cannot find but acquit us. Now for your land angling —

Venator. Master, methinks I am indeed a land angler, for I am very dry.

Piscator. Sir, I wonder at you that you have no more fortitude than be vexed with such concerns; but now, since of land angling you have had some experience, I will proceed to angling in rivers, for I promised to be your instructor, and so verily I will be. Moreover, I chance to remember that my rod and tacking are now as much in durance as myself, being pledged for a sum of money at a pawnbroker's, and, so to speak, out at usury. And now for the angling in our streams of Manchester and Salford, and first for the Irwell, which for its bigness and other qualities is most to be regarded.

Venator. But, sir, you said anon by reason of its foulness this Irwell contained no fish.

Piscator. Scholar, I did, but you must know that in this art of ours the chiefest pleasure is the pursuit, and it is to be so regarded, and I have known an honest brother of the angle to fish for three days at a stretch without so much as a nibble, and yet to find sport in his inward satisfaction which he felt in practising that art. And now I will proceed to tell you how first you should prepare your ground bait, without which all your labour is marred. Take about an hundredweight of rubbish—almost any rubbish will do, but doubtless if you can come by as many copies as possible of the *Salford Chronicle*, or *Manchester Courier*, it will be best—but any other rubbish will do, as I said before, so that it will sink, to which end you may take some cinders or some bricks or any other solid refuse, and mix it or wrap it with those papers. Take, I say, your ground bait thus prepared, and repair to the water-side, you strengthening your stomach meantime with a pipe of tobacco—for the stink will doubtless be great—and then stand off for awhile. But go very early in the morning, or late at night, so that you be not observed, for it is known to you that the art of water angling hath its perils as hath that of land angling, and that it is not permitted to poor men, such as we anglers be, to throw any rubbish into the Irwell lest it should be polluted, and be punished with fine and imprisonment. Though I have often wondered, as I have strolled along the bank, whether if all were prevented alike from throwing thereinto solid substances the stream would have been any clearer; and I have noted, as you may note, that those same manufacturers of whom I speak —

Venator. Sir, we are called —

Piscator [to Policeman]. Anon, good fellow. [To Venator.] You shall now hear a justification of the art of land angling.

PART II.

PISCATOR, VENATOR, SIR JOHN, Officers, and the Public.

Sir John Mantell. Now then, ye knaves, what have ye to say that you should not be committed as rogues and vagabonds?

Piscator. Marry, sir, and I have something to say, which is this—that I and my scholar here have been taken in the pursuit of a most ancient and honourable calling, in which I was the instructor, and on very little instruction he caught a chub, and the chub he caught was a lusty one, about eleven inches long.

Sir John. To the point, knave, to the point.

Piscator. An' it please your worship, I will to it directly. In plain fact, then, we be practisers of the generous and difficult sport of land angling, a sport which is both old and honourable, and not to be practised without much learning; and I doubt not if you and I did concur together but a few hours to leave you possessed with the same high and happy thoughts which I have of it.

Sir John [aside]. The rogue speaks.

Piscator. And I doubt not, Sir John —

Sir John. Sirrah, call me not Sir John. [Aside.] This is a discriminating fellow.

Piscator. Oh, your worship, doubt not that angling is an art, and a very difficult one too, and it is one that was used as such by worthy men of old. Moreover, it is an art worth learning, but it is not every one that can learn it, for angling is like poetry—men must be born so; but I doubt not by looking on your worship's face —

Sir John. Methinks thou has some reason on thy side; I will hear more anon. Officer, this angler seemeth to be an honest fellow.

Officer. An' it please your worship, methinks he is a rogue.

Sir John. Not so, for it is clearly proven to me that this is no offence with which he is charged, being a work of art and skill. Therefore the prisoners shall be discharged, and I wish well to them and all honest men, which I take anglers to be.

Piscator. For myself and for my scholar, I thank your worship. Er!

Piscator singing — Oh, the jolly fisher's life

It is the best of any !

Ho, trolley, lollie, lo !

'Tis full of pleasure, void of strife,

And is beloved of many.

Ho, trolley, lollie, lo !

Come, scholar, come, did I not promise you ?

(To be continued.)

REJECTED CONTRIBUTION.

OCCASIONAL EFFUSIONS.

[BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.]

AMERICAN BEEF.—It is wonderful, although so extensively patronised, that you meet so many people who have never even tasted it. One would think when the question is upon every tongue, "Have you tasted the American beef?" that people would be ashamed to reply in the negative. I should put it down to disfavour or prejudice shown to anything "foreign," and the favour which always has and always will be shown to the "roast beef of old England!"

FINE LIBRARIES.—Woe betide the man who, unwilling or unable to pay the subscription fee required for an institution like the Athenaeum, belongs to one of the numerous off-shoots of Campfield. Should you give the young lady your list of fifty carefully-selected works, with the fond hope that one at least is sure to be in, disappointment is sure to be your lot. The other day, a young gentleman of my acquaintance strolled in for the purpose of obtaining a book to peruse in the reading-room. He walked up to the counter, and observed through the window where the

books are supplied two young ladies cutting the magazines, and two calmly sitting down engaged with some fancy work, quite indifferent to the claims of the persons waiting to be attended to. The young gentleman before alluded to, after waiting about ten minutes very patiently, at length endeavours to attract their attention by tapping on the ledge. The magazines being finished all four retire, and commence to read their favourite tales, or discuss the *bon mots* with considerable avidity. One of them having occasion to come opposite the ledge for some purpose, our visitor is served. And thus the public temper gets served by having to put up with this annoyance. If, however, the visitor happens to be about twenty-one or twenty-two, or even older, the handsome (?) nymphs are at once ready to serve and flirt at the same time. But woe betide the unlucky youth who enters!

HINTS ON MAKING POETRY.

[BY OUR OWN POET.]

WHOM ever would have expected to find poetry in the commonplace advertising columns of a Manchester daily paper? Nevertheless I have found some. I have found it under the heading of MATRIMONY, in the *Manchester Examiner and Times*. The accustomed matrimonial advertisement is a very dull affair; this is about the usual style of thing:

Matrimony.

TWO Gentlemen, of means, 22 and 27, Desire Correspondence with Two Ladies, with means; view, Matrimony; enclose carte.—

Address C. L., Post Office, Chorltonfield, near Manchester.

AGentleman of 40, in business, with good position, would like to Correspond with a Lady of some means from 30 to 34; view, Matrimony; proofs of bona fides.—Address, at once, P 42, printers'.

And in fact these two announcements are clipped from Tuesday morning's paper. Mysterious people are these advertisers, and were it not for an occasional breach of promise case one would hardly believe in their existence at all as genuine aspirants to matrimony, or that they ever get what they want in the way of unions well or ill assorted. It is seldom indeed, however, that one of these breaks out into real poetry of the sort given below:—

WANTED, a Wife,
To sweeten life,
By a Bachelor healthy and young;
She must be fair,
In prudence rare,
And one that can bridle her tongue.
If she's a fortune,
She's like myself,
No difference then will arise;
If not, I still
Endeavour will
Two jewels to find in her eyes.
There's nothing more,
On any score,
That I've to offer at present;
So let what misse,
Will answer this,
Direct THE SQUIRE, care of George H.,
6, Woodland Street, Sheffield.

State full particulars
(on or before the first of May). Send carte de visite

In the first place, one would think that a person who wanted to get married by advertisement would be the very last to call the muses to his aid. A man who coolly advertises for a wife is not usually supposed to have any poetry in his composition, and may be rather looked upon as degrading matrimony to the level of grocery and stock-broking. Then, again, it is well known that eccentric advertisements, which folks laugh at, are apt to damage the reputation of a serious political newspaper. There are indeed a good many journals whose proprietors refuse to insert matrimonial announcements at all, either in prose or verse, holding that these do not afford edifying reading to the public, and may be used in a way injurious to public morality. There are, again, journals which will insert any advertisements whatever with adequate payment, holding that a heavy solatium in the proprietor's pocket will pay for a dash of whitewash upon the offending column. Leaving this, however, which is far enough away from poetry, there will be little doubt that this cooling Sheffield blade has expended more money than wit upon his matrimonial ode or sonnet.

The verses are funny just because they purport to appear as a serious advertisement, but I feel far more inclined to laugh at the paper which publishes them than at the lines themselves. As, however, I started with the intention of giving hints, and have as yet given none, I may, for the benefit of any lady of the romantic kind, suggest how they should be answered in verse:—

If you want a spouse
Who will make no rows,
And a maid can believe what you've sung,
Behold me! I'm fair,
My virtues are rare,

And I've got no such thing as a tongue.

You've got a fortune,
You hint; for myself,

A difference now must arise;

But sure I am, still

That if have me you will,

In me you will find a prize.

Nought further to day

I'll endeavour to say,

Or add to my verses at present;

So I shall expect

That you will direct—

THE MAID, care of the *Manchester Examiner and Times*,
(Matrimonial Department), Pall Mall, Manchester.

Write soon,

(at your earliest convenience).

FOGIE PAPERS.

[BY AN OLD FOGIE.]

MY CLOCK.

WITH the exception of my pewter and sundry fishing utensils, this is about the only piece of movable property which I possess. It has been with me in various lodgings, and has ticked under the auspices of numerous landladies. When I bought it for the sum, I believe, of 15s. 6d., the shopman extolled its qualities to such an extent that one would have thought that no such clock had ever in this world before been made to adorn a bachelor's chimneypiece. He showed me how to regulate it by lengthening or shortening the pendulum as required. It kept very good time for awhile, and then it took to going too fast. I lengthened the pendulum by means of a little screw at the end of it, and then it went all right for a little time when it began to go too slow. After that all its faults were in one direction. I kept on screwing the pendulum up shorter and shorter, but the more I screwed the slower the clock went, till at last I could shorten that pendulum no more, there was hardly any of it left. Gradually I became accustomed to this clock of mine, and made allowance for it. It would lose on an average about ten minutes per diem, and I made subtle calculations as to the time of day, and got into the habit of putting it right about once a week. I have studied this clock all ways, and the instrument has afforded me much instruction and amusement. It has a strange way of ticking in paroxysms, beginning very feebly and gradually getting more noisy and aggressive until suddenly it takes a turn and grows gradually feebler again. Sometimes one of the hands takes a fit of standing still, while the other goes on, an eccentricity which has a remarkable effect. For all these things I have now come to make allowance, and they amuse me; but the strangest experience with my clock happened to me last night, and it set me thinking. I went, as usual, to wind it up before going to bed, and at the first turn of the key, lo! the hands began to go backwards on the dial. I turned again, and back they went again, so that when I had finished winding the clock had lost at least half an hour by this means. When I had finished winding it up it went on as usual. Perhaps somebody who reads this, and who is acquainted with the habits of timepieces, will be able to find an explanation of this circumstance; but I know nothing of clocks, and it puzzles me to

WORMALD'S Celebrated Gout & Rheumatic Mixture.—For rheumatism and rheumatic gout, sciatica, neuralgia, tic doloreux, pains in the face and head gives quick relief in the most violent cases, and speedily effects a cure. In bottles, 10*fl. oz.* and 2*oz.* *ed.* from most chemists, or from the Proprietor, Shudehill.

be possessed of one which goes backwards when I wind it up. It is very likely that I myself am to blame somehow, for it certainly is not in the nature of clocks to go backwards. I sat down and smoked and pondered over it last night, and came to the conclusion that if my clock takes to doing this always it will be an excellent type of certain things which happen in life. Metaphorically we all know of clocks which go backwards all the more for being wound up. Look, for instance, at that complicated and delicate piece of machinery—the Eastern Question. Does not every attempt to wind it up end in retrogression? Is it the fault of the winder or of the machinery? Probably a little of both. Have I not owned that I have played all sorts of tricks with my clock, and that I know nothing about clocks? I took it to pieces once to see what was wrong with it, and I put it together the best way I could, and since then it has always been ailing. Is it any great wonder that when I wind up this clock now it should go backwards? Supposing I were to undertake to cure a man of rheumatism, or the dropsey, say, or any other complaint, I should assuredly do him no good, if he did not get worse. Whenever I have leisure to think of my clock now, I shall be reminded of all the quacks in the world, who are trying to tackle matters which they are incapable of treating. I shall think, too, of all the bad workmanship by which the world's history is disfigured, of bad sentiment, bad legislation, and bad diplomacy; and I am sadly afraid that if my clock goes backwards to-night I shall think of Lords Derby and Beaconsfield..

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE OPENING OF THE NEW TOWN HALL.

To the Editor of the "City Jackdaw."

Sir,—I see that a number of suggestions have been made by correspondents of a Radical organ in this city with reference to the manner in which our new Town Hall (or City Hall, as it ought to be called) shall be opened. It has been suggested that no ceremony at all shall be observed on the occasion, that the Mayor should be asked to officiate, or that Mr. John Bright, Mr. Gladstone, etc., should be invited. Now, sir, I think that all these plans would be objectionable, for various reasons hardly necessary to be specified; but with a view to solve the difficulty, may I mention the name of a gentleman who would doubtless consent to preside on the occasion? Why not invite Mr. F. S. Powell, who has the advantage of having recently contested the constituency without obtaining the seat. Mr. Powell, besides possessing a noble appearance and an ornamental style of oratory, would undoubtedly be in other ways a fit and proper person to open our municipal palace. He is no doubt in name a Conservative, but he would bring to the work no political convictions to speak of, and would conciliate all parties in Manchester, including the Home Rulers, the licensed victuallers, and the chimney sweepers. In the regrettable absence of Royalty on this occasion, I do not think a wiser step could be taken.—I remain, your obedient servant, BRILLIANT IDEA.

To the Editor, etc.

Sir,—It is astonishing that in the course of the discussion on this subject the name should have been omitted of a gentleman to whom the Corporation of this city is indebted for priceless benefactions. I allude, sir, to Mr. W. Aronsberg, M.P., P.S.F., whose magnificent gift of barometers has done so much to adorn and render comfortable the interior of this glorious building. If Mr. Aronsberg could be prevailed on to undertake the duty, I feel sure that all classes would rally round him, and our citizens would have an opportunity of inspecting the lineaments of one who has given away more spectacles, etc., and got more paragraphs in the newspapers than any tradesman of this or any other generation.—Hoping that some abler pen than mine will take the matter up, and that our glorious philanthropist may in any case go on and prosper, I beg to subscribe myself

ONE OF THE BENEFITTED.

WORMALD'S COUGH SPECIFIC.—The most agreeable and effectual remedy ever introduced for the cure of coughs, colds, bronchitis, and asthma. Sold by most chemists, in bottles, 13*4d.* and 2*s. 9*d.** each, or may be had direct from the Proprietor, Shudehill, Manchester.

To the Editor, etc.
Sir,—I have read with surprise the almost disloyal remarks and hints which have appeared in various papers on this subject. Surely our gracious Queen has a right to please herself on this matter, and if, doubtless for sufficient reasons, she is not able to come, there are, thank God, plenty more of the Royal Family who might be asked. Sir, I beg to suggest that a loyal address should be presented to her Majesty, thanking her for condescending to notice our request, and humbly begging her to use her influence with one of her numerous descendants or kinsfolk to come to Manchester on the occasion. I am sure that this would be a source of unfailing delight to the present generation of Manchester folk and to their descendants, and the city would then be able to congratulate itself not only on the possession of a noble building, but also on its
LOYALTY.

To the Editor, etc.

Sir,—Could you not use your well-known influence with Mr. J. W. Maclure, and get him to give his services on the occasion of the opening of the Town Hall? Mr. Maclure would look well at the head of a procession, and as he has been formally proposed and seconded at the Reform Club would represent no party.—Yours, etc., CONSISTENCY.

To the Editor, etc.

Sir,—Would not our new Town Hall be worthily opened by our excellent Bishop at the head of the clergy of the diocese? This would have an imposing effect on the public, and would doubtless increase the usefulness of the structure.—I am, sir, yours obediently, LAYMAN.

To the Editor, etc.

Sir,—Why not let the Corporation have a good luncheon on the opening-day, and have done with the whole business? This would be a good opportunity for testing the splendid culinary machinery which has been provided in one part of the building. I happened to wander the other day, like a monk in search of the refectory, into the kitchen, and noticed the bran new roasting-jacks and spits, and all the paraphernalia, revolving solemnly before a fireless grate, apparently operating on the viewless air for the sole benefit of the miscellaneous gods and goddesses whose effigies adorn the masonry outside. Give us, I say, a good luncheon, as little speechifying as possible, and plenty to drink, and I for one shall be content. I enclose my card, and beg to sign myself, yours, J. F. T.

P.S.—I know of no more doleful sight than a large kitchen with the fire out, having for its sole furniture a scrubbing-brush and a three-legged stool. You may have remarked that I looked doleful at the last Council meeting. That was the reason.

[We have received numberless other suggestions, but have room for no more this week. Strange to say, however, there is one Great Man whose name has been quite overlooked. Need we say that he is the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*. There is little doubt of his consenting if he were asked. What are Sir Joseph Heron and the Corporation about not to have thought of this solution?]

The picture of the "Baptism of Christ," exhibited at Mr. Whaites, in Bridge Street, will be withdrawn after to-morrow, Saturday, the 14th inst. In the meantime, for the benefit of those engaged in business and others, the exhibition will remain open till eight p.m., at a charge of sixpence.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, Market Street Chambers, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender. We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of MSS. sent to us.

Easter at a Hydropathic Establishment.—We do not wish to throw cold water on your effort, but we must decline its publication, with thanks for the offer.

J. A. G., Greenheys.—We have not heard from you after all.

Will Salford Elect a Conservative?—Of course, it won't; the thing is as certain as that your MS. is in the waste-paper basket.

A Friend of the Cause.—Taking that into consideration we let you down easy, otherwise your agonies would have been fearful. We can do it when we like.

C. W.—It is out of our power to oblige you; it is lost, and is in the same position as Mr. O. O. Walker—it will never be returned.

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No. 2—Run 'em in; Oh, fair shines the moon; Home,
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They all have a mate by me; Wait till the moonlight. A
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VI.

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